
APPARATCHIK

The forty-second issue of a bi-weekly fanzine, published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, at The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103, also available at APHooper@aol.com. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 232. *Apparatchiki*: Victor Gonzalez, carl juarez, A.P. McQuiddy & Martin Tudor (British Address: 845 Alum Rock Rd., Ward End, Birmingham B8 2AG UK). If you're going to talk a lot, get your own water.

Issue # 42, September 14th, 1995

I knew that going to three conventions in sixty days was going to stretch my resources to the limit -- you should have seen Carrie and I struggling to figure out if we had enough money to eat on the last two days of the trip -- and when we got home, I immediately came down with a cold, and the result was another week's slip in the APAK publishing schedule. I did put out an issue while I was in Scotland, thanks to Tom Becker's generous donation of his time to operate the Intersection Gestetner copy-printer. Those of you who weren't there are only getting #41 now, in the same envelope as this number. So, for some of you, this is the first APAK in over a month. Hope you didn't think I had given up.

Oh, don't get your air hoses in a knot, people! I know what you want. You want Worldcon coverage and you want it now. Unfortunately, I am contractually-obligated to give my first and best Worldcon reportage to Mr. Andrew Ian Porter, editor and operator of *Science Fiction Chronicle*. Once I finish my article for *SFC*, I can open it up again and blow it up to 15,000 words and farm sections out to a bunch of fanzines including this one. For now, I'll just state a few significant themes: First, dispersion. The convention was neatly concentrated between the Scottish Exhibition and Convention Center and the Moat house hotel by day, but at night, parties were held in six or seven different hotels and hostels, none of which were really within walking distance of the SECC. With a few exceptions in some large American cities, this is simply the way Worldcons have to organize themselves these days, and unless you wanted to spend a chunk of cash on cab fare (extremely reasonable in Glasgow, especially when sharing a cab), you had to scope out a set of parties in a given hotel and plan on spending the evening there. I didn't hear anyone frothing at the mouth about this in Glasgow, in sharp contrast to ConFrancisco two years ago.

Second: Things were expensive. Just about everything seemed to cost about 40% more than it did in the U.S., even after you figured out the conversion rate. This was a small hardship for most American fans, but a lot of British fans were close to the bone, and Fans from other parts of Europe were really feeling the strain. Even in this era of a supposedly United Europe, people were struggling with currency conversion problems, and some people mentioned that they had found it much, much easier to get by at the 1992 Worldcon in Orlando than they did in Glasgow. Which made me rethink the notion that European Worldcons are an essential part of making fandom accessible to European fans.

Third, we have to find an alternative to these huge, echoing exhibition halls for any kind of activity which involves hearing human voices. Sitting in the fan area, the accumulated noise bounding down from the ceiling made it

utterly impossible to hear anyone standing more than 6 to 8 feet away from you, unless they raised their voice to a shout. One large room had been divided into four different program areas, each with its own sound system, and the result was cacophony. The con committee had been told that a ceiling could be put on these roomlets, but the SECC operators had never actually done so before, and eventually determined that it was impossible. Things like the fan lounge, which by their nature imply some vague degree of separation from the rest of the convention exhibits, definitely need to be sited away from these huge echo chambers.

Fourth, having a major local author, in this case John Brunner, die at a Worldcon can put quite a damper on the proceedings. All agreed that even though Brunner was a difficult person at times, he will be sorely missed. And it was shocking, although satisfying, to hear Robert Silverberg say that Brunner's death was in some ways a blessing; everyone in the audience who would like to avoid a slow decline and ebbing of their faculties inwardly agreed with him.

On the other hand, I have nothing but good things to say about the cheerful kindness and good humor of the British fans we interacted with for the two weeks were in the country. Far from being crushed and demoralized by the process of putting on the con, they were already talking about a new bid to have the convention in Cardiff in 2002. And I've already received one new zine, Mike Scott's *Zorn*, since the convention, and a lot of other people were talking about publishing over the weekend. No disaster was enough to suppress the general good mood; when Martin Smith lost his wallet, a quick collection was taken up and around £50.00 were raised for his use within a few hours. When Nigel Rowe got a call from Karen telling him that someone had tried to burn down the gay bar next to their home, and had succeeded in severely damaging the apartment, his response was to half-seriously conceive a scheme whereby people would be told that his fanzine collection (which was actually intact) had been destroyed, in hopes of eliciting donations of certain rare fanzines. Karen and Nigel's new address is 5224 N. Glenwood (3rd floor), Chicago IL 60640.

This is a slightly stripped-down and minimalist issue of APAK; several letters, from people like Kim Huett, Irwin Hirsh and Teddy Harvia, have been held out for next issue, which will feature some Silvercon coverage, as well as a few Worldcon anecdotes. Victor Gonzalez is currently working on another difficult story at the *News Tribune*, and will try to get something in for #43. But this issue does feature an extra-big fanzine countdown; given the volume of material handed out in the past three weeks, no other option was open to me! Enjoy this new golden age while you can, fellow fen.

Let me take my chances on the Wall of Death

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: One of the pitfalls of frequent publishing is that every so often, you get a letter from someone who has been piling up issues for seven or eight months, and then decides to go after them all at once. This appear to be the case with RICHARD BRANDT (4740 N. Mesa #111E Paso, TX 79912), who starts off with some comments on #29 (please note - this letter was cobbled together from a bunch of e-mail messages, so it may strike you as slightly disjointed):]

"Wow, it's a blast from the past--wading through this pile of Apaks, I read Victor's piece in #29 on the low-paid travails of a journalist, and boy howdy did it bring back the memories.

"At least Victor is lucky enough to be in print journalism. Yours truly was in local television news, where after a five-year career at the one station, at the apex of which he had worked his way up to weekend producer and assignments editor, he was making less than he subsequently earned after one year as a Kelly Girl.

"Part of this was due to the fact that for the couple of years, the station hired me as a 'stringer.' Now, a stringer is usually considered a freelancer who goes out on his own and shoots a story, or even just some random feature video, and shops it to a station. In my case, I drove the station's news unit, used the station's equipment, worked jowl-by-jowl with the station's regular news employees, and picked up my paycheck the same day they did. Yet, because I was a 'stringer,' the station could pay me sub-par wages, without benefits, and not have to withhold any income tax or Social Security payments out of my salary.

"Then a new owner bought the station, looked at the hiring policies and must have had a stroke (the station had already lost one sex discrimination suit, after which they tried to enforce a management directive that discussing your salary with a fellow employee was grounds for dismissal), and orders came on down that all station employees were to be hired as, well, station employees.

"Of course, this history was recapitulated at my current place of employment, where I worked as a temp-- for three years--without benefits or a savings plan until they finally decided to hire me on for the work I was already doing anyway.

"Things are tough all over, eh?

"Well yet again Victor Gonzalez provokes and agitates me, yielding yet another pearl of fannish generation.

"Of course journalists all have their own personal biases, and even more true, they go out of their way to maintain an aura of 'objectivity.' Reduced to its least common denominator, it takes form as the old journalism-school axiom, 'always show both sides to every story.'

"As when my weekday assignments editor insisted we do a little Queen-for-a-Day story on a woman who had been left destitute and near-to-homeless when her

new husband landed in jail, a cheery little interview during which she mentioned that among his other miscreations he had molested his stepdaughter.

"Our producer (nice guy, fresh out of college) said 'Well, shouldn't we call him in prison and try to get his side of the story?'

"Richard, I said, for such was his name also, 'you ever stop to think that maybe sometimes THERE IS ONLY ONE SIDE?'

"Rich also once asked me to change 'put to death' to 'put to sleep' in a story on the animal shelter, so there's a bit of his bias seeping through. (And I stuck to my guns. Saying animals are being put to sleep there is a flat outright lie, after all.)

"What you also find out sometimes, when you would see another reporter's coverage of a story and how wildly it diverged from your own, is not just how someone's biases leak through, but how many reporters simply do not have a clue. (As weekend assignments editor, I sometimes had to make difficult choices about which of my severely small and ill-experienced crew to send to a political story, and yes, I can vouchsafe, it does happen.)

"Unlike Gary Farber, I seem to be a fairly fast writer, although it may take me a very long while indeed to actually get around to writing something.

"(Parentheticals aside, don't you think it will be a sad day when David Thayer decides to switch to e-mail?)

"I don't think Gary is right on the mark (in his loc in #33) that news of someone's disabling injury (or worse) only seems to be more distressful when we have just recently seen that same person ambulatory, cheerful and generally having a gay old time. I think we do have more trouble reconciling the image or idea of someone confined to a bed, wheelchair or grave when that selfsame person has just moments before (in subjective time if you will) been prancing and gavotting before us.

"As usual, it's difficult for me to fully explain this concept without resorting to an excellent metaphorical example from the dramatic arts, in this case possibly the best treatment of our reaction to death I have ever seen, John Landis' underrated film 'An American Werewolf in London.'

"In a crucial scene, our hero is convalescing in a hospital bed when his friend Jack struts in. The only problem is, Jack is dead, savagely mauled in the same wolf attack that wounded his pal. Half of Jack's face is gone, and a good section of his ribs is plainly visible in his wreck of a chest along with a good bit of miscellaneous meaty bits.

"That is not the strange part, though which is: *He is just as his friend remembers him!* He laughs, he clowns around, he gives his buddy a hard time and eats food off of his plate ('Hey, you gonna finish them?')

"Which is the only time I have seen anyone confront head-on the ultimate paradox: How do you reconcile this insensate (and, often, gruesomely mangled) pile of tissues with the fellow who, perhaps only an instant before, was talking and laughing and breathing right next to you?

Please, don't whimper anymore.

"What happened to that guy? Where did he go?

"Damn, Andy, after the exchange between Joseph and yourself regarding FOSFAX, I may have to go back to reading and loccing FOSFAX again, where I think many of our friends felt I was representing them as The Voice of Sweet Reason.

"One tires after a while continuing to challenge a gaggle of clay pigeons who have no concept of how to conduct an argument, but perhaps returning to it fresh I may regain the enormous pleasure and amazement it once brought me....

"Actually I believe Sturgeon's Law would have allowed 10% of science fiction to be Not Crap; in the interim I believe we have fallen prey to the Law of Diminishing Expectations, no doubt for good reason. (I'll still pick up anything by Tim Powers for fantasy, in addition to some of your usual suspects.)

"Michelle was impressed by the coincidence of your picking up a volume of Chandler which we had just read. Since someone stole the radio to the car, whenever Michelle drives me to or from work, I've been reading her a chapter or several from one of Chandler's novels, courtesy of our local library. I figured it was time to make Chandler's acquaintance after seeing 'The Big Sleep' too many times on The Movie Channel recently. I still wonder who had the inspiration to change the beginning of the movie version of 'The Lady in the Lake' so that Marlowe is trying to peddle his first story to a pulp magazine editor. The editrix (as we might have called her in those days) gets annoyed with Marlowe and threatens to cut the guts out of his story. I had suspected that as Chandler would have written the scene 'guts' would turn out to have been a euphemism, but this is in an alternate reality where all the movie versions of Chandler's books are slightly more faithful to their origins.

"Zelazny's death was a shock to us as well, since Roger was supposed to be our guest at a local convention a year ago April and was bringing out his mother story that long ago. His 'A Night in the Lonesome October' is good for reading aloud as well, even if I won't hear Roger read it again as he did last August at Bubonicon. (He did mention that even though the Amber series was released on books-for-tape in an abridged edition, he in fact read the series onto tape in its entirety, and hoped someday the unedited tapes might be released for the true devotee. 'They're very popular with truckers,' he added, speculating this might be related to one reviewer's note that he sounded as if he'd been gargling with gasoline.) (Roger was in fact looking a bit cadaverous last we saw him, but in such good humor that the news still startled.)

"Ah, yes, those drunk weapon-carrying louts wandering around at the big conventions. In our case, when we were throwing our last big party at the Los Angeles Westercon, it was a big boisterous pirate who apparently got bored with sitting in the Baltimore in '98 party and decided to come represent them at our presupporters table, singing raunchy sea songs, spilling copious volumes of a cheap red wine onto our carpeting,

and at one point drawing his flintlock and pointing it at one of our guests. What a lovely impression he made. Well, God bless 'em and good luck putting on their off-season Worldcon.

"(First this year's NASFiC, next what?) Good luck, Peggy Rae, talking me into doing whatever job that is you have in mind for me....

"Randy and Spartacus just demonstrate at a grass-roots level how silly laws like those against 'pot' (but not 'booze' or 'coffin nails') could never have led to an all-out War on Drugs if corruption had not already been endemic.

"Whether something like 'pot' actually is or isn't supposed to be enjoyed was never the point.

"Robert Lichtman's bit on the difficult hypothetical problem of doing without a car/utilizing public transport rang true with me, since Michelle and I have been looking half-seriously at renting an honest-to-god house (the biggest drawback, other than the expense, would of course like Robert's be a COA after ten years in this efficiency; if I won the lottery I guess I could keep both...). Unlike our present address, which isn't within EASY walking distance of anything useful (it's a day trip to walk to the \$1.50 movies and back, for example), the new place would be within easy walking distance of restaurants, an 'art house' video rental place, a coffeehouse, clubs, the laundromat, drugstores and the supermarket. So let's see, if we save that much on gas, get rid of cable, sit in the shade instead of running air conditioning, don't turn on any lights, hmmm.....

"Denys is only two years behind reading the prozines? I salute him!

"Hmmm. Remember the clubzine whose editor dropped an unedited dump of an Evelyn Leeper convention report into its pages without having really read it, and found later it contained a slam against one of the club's favorite longtime con guests?

"Re: *Apparatchik* #40:

"Well, here we are, a big meaty issue of *Apparatchik* weighing in on the ponderous issue of the future of science fiction and other worthy topics, and all I'm moved to comment on are spider venom and appliances for the nether regions.

"The last spider bite I suffered took me a while to identify; had to have happened while I was asleep or otherwise occupied, because all I noticed was a red spot between two of my kunckles that slowly spread until it was creeping downward following the paths of the veins in my arm. At first I thought it might be a return of the dreaded toxic shock syndrome, one symptom of which had been swelling and reddening of the hands, but when the irritation stopped before the elbow I gradually surmised one of nature's little denizens had attacked me while I warn't lookin'.

"When I was returning from Magicon with what I later discovered was a fungal infection (just the thing to develop on the way to Orlando), I had run out of gauze and ended up helping myself to the stocks of sanitary

With my tweezers gleaming in the moonlighty-night

napkins in the airplane's bathroom, which made walking just a little more bearable.

"But gee, I've already written about my worst hospital stays, and my recentest incarcerations were nowhere near as dramatic as Victor's: strictly outpatient stuff (getting a sebaceous cyst from my college day removed, finally; just a local so I could feel the surgeon tugging but nothing else), and before that nothing worse than that broken ankle my orthopedic surgeon tried forcing back into place without benefit of anesthesia. Nobody died in the next bed. Nobody got bent over the bathroom sink. Nobody gave up smoking. I didn't even get a goddamn jacket out of it.

"Hey, did you hear someone stole John Wesley Hardin's tombstone? It turned up eventually on the doorstep of the El Paso Saddleblanket Company. (Gee, I always thought you could find anything at that place, but this is ridiculous.) A local group has since sealed his grave in cement; he isn't giving them the slip that easily."

[APH: We will assume that you are speaking of the noted outlaw and gunmen here, and neither the Las Vegas fan of good cheer, nor the English folk singer of the same name. We will assume this.

Personally, Richard, having seen your apartment, I think it would be a Very Good Thing if you and Michelle could find a way to move into a larger place. I'll be happy to make sure that your CoA reached the relevant parties.

Yes, God help those of us cursed with nasty skin eruptions and other weird lymphatic afflictions. It's hellish to have something that feels like a burrowing landshark under your skin, and then have to tell the various concerned parties that it is basically a large economy-size zit.

Now, a very brief note, coming to us from jgd@cix.compulink.co.uk to let you know that:]

"John Dallman has moved:

"Home, for the next six months to a year:

18 Kimberley Road
Cambridge CB4 1HH
United Kingdom
01223-570179

jgd@cix.compulink.co.uk

"Work, hopefully for rather longer:

EDS Unigraphics
46 Regent Street
Cambridge CB2 1DB
United Kingdom
01223-371554 "

[APH: Let the word go out onto the hill top and into the darkened holler. Now, a note from STEVE JEFFERY (JEFFERY_STEVE@ctc-cookson.ccmill.compuserve.com) on sundry subjects around Issue # 39:]

"Sorry to hear about your sudden entry in hospital, though you turned this into a most gruesome tale for this issue.

"Mike Abbot adds another fannish term in his attempt to place APAK: conversationzine (sounds like an item on an Italian dessert menu) What's wrong with chatzine? All these -zine proliferations get confusing: Genzine, Perzine, Prozine. It sounds like an array of

pharmaceutical drugs. (Shame there isn't a (UK) fannish following for Thora Hird, sometime presenter of the Stars on Sunday TV program; then we could add properly Thorazine to such a list.)

"Despite the convenience of electronic locking (like this), I have to agree with Simon Ounsley about e-mail as a means of organising things. Net groups have been described as like 'an APA without an administrator'. Apart from being exclusive of the non-connected, that anarchistic quality makes it a potentially disastrous ground for trying to pull any sort of formal organisation and decision making together.

"The Brit equivalent of the Mason-Dixon line is not, as supposed, Hadrian's Wall, but a lot further south at Watford. This seems to be the opposite of the US divide, where I was surprised how little the 'North' actually was geographically."

[APH: One of the things I like about England is the way that road signs usually feature a series of town names, and then the phrase "THE NORTH," or some other basic geographical compartmentalization. There is no clear delineation offered, however, between "THE NORTH" and "THE SOUTH:" I suspect that, regardless of the official dividing line, one simply knows which side one is on.

Which fits rather neatly with your frustration over the proliferation of different fanzine categorizations. When it comes to taxonomy, one is either a "lumper" or a "splitter," preferring to either shoehorn all available variations within a genus into a single species, or developing a new classification for every individual discovered. Louis Leakey, for example, was a famous splitter, with his *zinjanthropi* and *homo rudolfi*, all of which may eventually be consigned into one or two common species designations. In some ways, every fanzine defines its own category; in others, they are all simply "fanzines," and the language we use to define them will depend on the uses we intend to make of them. In any event, I can't see much percentage in letting this bother you, since people have been doing it in a fannish context for something like 50 years now.

Now, a latter from a new and eager correspondent, LINDSEY CRAWFORD (4056 Southway Loop Springfield OR 97478-5928) who has also been digesting big chunks of APAK in recent weeks:]

"Since APAK #40 arrived, I've read all the back issues starting with the first, so my reaction to the most recent issue is going to be colored by impressions of what came before. Like readers who have been with you all along, only I've taken it all in at once and haven't had a chance to respond to any of it.

"Congrats on 40 consecutive APAKs and the prospect of many more to come. I must admit most of the references in the AFAL awards are beyond me. All the names are familiar in one context or another, with the exception of Alan Hunter. Maybe next year I will be more clued in.

"Knowing you hear the Grateful Dead's music in a way not unlike my own, I know we have that acre of common ground. I'm listening to Timbuk 3's Edge of

The loser has to move to Boring, Oregon.

Allegiance, and one of the tracks which gets me happy, 'Dirty Dirty Rice.' Music speaks in a way words cannot, which makes writing about music extra tricky. You did good.

"...publishing this fanzine...makes me feel a certain amount of pressure, the stress of the deadline, the torrents of verbiage submitted by its readers, and the tension of maintaining a small mailing list in the face of its growing reputation in fandom. I enjoy the pressure, however...."

"Ah, yes, the torrents; I feel better thinking of my letter as a trickle in the stream. Since you enjoy the pressure, what do the stress and tension do for you? I've been doing well to get an apazine in the mail every two months since November 1989. While Faye is bearing the brunt of responsibility for FHAPA, I'll be playing a major supporting role. Something to look forward to.

"Your description of the continuum in which you and your readers interact is apt to enhance the process, I conclude, feeling I know who I am writing to better having read this.

"Are you cursed with a writing mind that wants to offer all sorts of vague cliches and pointless platitudes? I very much enjoyed your story of how you and Carrie replaced your passport. It was amusing yet dramatic.' From that, had I time, I would fashion something closer to what I experience whilst reading the piece. Which provides a painless segue into your imaginative look at the future of fandom, looking back from 2005. Wish I could segue like that.

"The fun part is I'll turn 42 on 19 Sept 2000, and be 46 during most of 2005. Gee, I can hardly wait.

"John D. Berry, wasn't he the guy who revived the Club House column in Ted White's 3rd issue of Amazing, July 1969? But I'm sure all your readers know that. Just in case we have anyone reading who missed those issues (JDB thru 7/72, last column by rich brown 3/77), those back issues contain a lot of fun fan history and with luck you might find them for little money in where ever used books and magazines are sold near you. Glad to hear John is still part of scene and doing well enough to go to Scotland. His loc whets my appetite for a report on the adventures of John D. & Eileen in the old country. Pub your ish sooner, John D."

[APH: Indeed, a thing we all wish could come to pass! John D. Berry is indeed the same fellow who edited that column a few years before I ever entered fandom, but he's always a little surprised when someone remembers him for it.

What do I get out of the tension and stress of publishing so frequently? The main thing is the sense that someone is actually interested in, and waiting to see, the fanzine. I don't feel like I could possibly stop now; so many people at Worldcon told me that A) Apparatchik had rekindled their interest in fannish communication, and B) that I was insane for doing this, that I hardly feel like I could let them down at this point. It's even kind of fun to get angry letters or to see reviews that say "Shooting's too good

for Andy Hooper," since bad press is better than no press at all.

By the way, for your benefit as well as some other people who asked about it, my little tribute to Jerry Garcia should not be construed as an admission to being a closet deadhead. I was just feeling sort of mellow and conciliatory at the time, but those little dancing bears still give me the creeps.

Now, a letter from JERRY KAUFMAN (8618 Linden Ave. N. Seattle, WA 98103), who is concerned about my declining standards:]

"In #40, you say in the lettercol that e-mail letters are more likely to be published uncut. I'd be happy if you promise to cut e-mail locs as stringently as regular old snail mail ones, as I trust in editors like yourself to cut my more boring and rambling paragraphs and protect whatever reputation I have as an interesting writer. This has meant in the past that not much of my letterwriting output has seen print, but so be it.

"I also hope that you're copyediting these things, as neither AOL nor Netscape has a spell-checker in e-mail.

"Robert Lichtman bemoans (a nice trick, too) his fate as a fan in that out-of-the-way region, the Bay Area. A decline in their fanpublishing and voila! All the interesting travellers of late go to the Pacific Northwest.

"Maybe it was good fannish karma that got us those visitors, but the more immediate cause was that Susan Manchester had a family gathering in the Vancouver area, so she and Mike could manage the side-trip to Seattle, a mere three-hour drive away. And Simon was here because his sweetie, Linda Strickler, had a family gathering in Stanwood, less than an hour's drive.

"(By the way, the reason we don't get visits from Rich Coad and Stacey Scott anymore is that Stacey's father moved out of Seattle. So the karma balances out, as karma always does.)

"Victor's column once again was intense and shocking and moving. Doesn't fit in a fanzine only because it's too good. (The old paradox, eh? 'Fanwriting? Lousy stuff.' 'But this is good.' 'Then it can't be fanwriting.' Or am I getting that mixed up with sf?)

"The bathroom sex scene was the big shock. A bit arousing, too. But there is something that makes me a little uneasy when I read or hear people I know describing their sex lives in any detail. Maybe a combination of embarrassment and envy? I know that with my own experience, I shouldn't feel either one. In any case, I look forward to more from Victor, whether about his work, his life, or his fannishness.

"As I expected, I was thrilled to be included in the Fanzine Countdown. A shot of egoboo. But I was taken aback to read that you were about to write me off as a fanzine fan. You must have had to do this frequently in the past, since I've sometimes allowed a year or four to pass between activity.

"Still, in my heart there's always a compartment for fanzines, and currently the compartment doors are open and the blood is pumping strong.

After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

"But I must correct you: Monkey Mind is not available for the usual. It's available at my whim. (Response is welcomed, and will confirm that my whim was well placed.) So far your mention has not created a lot of requests (none, in fact), so no harm done.

"As for #41, it contained the first real information (who was around, who did what) about Precursor (and thus in a way about the Worldcon itself) and I really enjoyed it, particularly the news about Peter Roberts and the Dan Steffan backpage comic strip. I need Peter's address so we can return him to a place of honor on our mailing list. (It is my whim to send him the Monk.)

"Peter's TAFF trip was in 1977; I've always hoped to see his writeup of our journey from Chicago (Windycon) to East Lansing with Stu Stimson, Patrick Hayden (as he then was) and Gary Farber; and the day or two we spent there while the rest of the group slept and slept.

"And finally, for that touch of fannish surrealism: We've now received four mysterious packages from Australia. Each has contained four different issues of 'Don-o-Saur'. The zines are addressed to Eric Lindsay. The preprinted envelopes say, 'Please return to GPO Box 9880 in your Capital City.'

"We e-mailed Eric to see if he could explain this. He thinks that they're from a batch he gave to Kim Huett and that Kim is sending us his duplicates.

"So far we haven't heard anything from Kim to explain why. And the address on the envelopes doesn't match what we show for Kim in our mailing list. Every day we wonder if another bundle will arrive, and if we'll have to buy another bookcase to house these mystery zines. (Unless different instructions arrive from Kim, if Kim is indeed our benefactor, I think we'll donate these to DUFF for auction at Ditto. Don Thompson fans should get out their checkbooks.)

[APH: I think it is pretty safe to assume that Mr. Huett is indeed behind the odd parcels of fanzines you have received; I get some strange stuff from him almost every week now. He seems to be doing his best to improve the rate of contact between U.S. and Oz fans, but his choice of overseas potlatch - like the book on the allure of lighthouse-keeping which was waiting for me when I got back from Intersection - seems a trifle eccentric. Nothing to complain about though - anything that makes getting the mail more mysterious is welcome in my book.

Jerry, I didn't write you off as a fanzine fannish because you failed to reach some mysterious level of production, or because you had ceased to be sufficiently fannishly focused. You yourself came to me on several occasions over the past three years and told me that you felt yourself becoming more and more distant from fandom and fanzines, that you were getting into a lot of other stuff and didn't know how much longer you would be associated with fans. I didn't imagine this, did I? Needless to say, I'm perfectly pleased to find out that this was an unduly gloomy prognosis.

I don't think anyone feels especially comfortable reading the details of other people's sex lives (although the

scene in question was quite a topic of conversation during various sidebars at Intersection), but the purpose of Victor's piece wasn't really to make you feel comfortable. I mean, what powers of description, eh? Certainly nothing like bragging, on no no.

Sadly, I don't have Peter Roberts' address on hand at this second; I'll get it from Rob Hansen or another likely person in the near future and run it next time. Hopefully, this issue will reach him via Martin Tudor, and we'll hear from him soon.

I'm glad you make clear that you don't feel bound to trade Monkey Mind, and sorry that I indicated otherwise. It's things like this that make me prefer that APAK not be reviewed in places with huge circulations like Factsheet Five; I mean, it's one thing for me to receive odd mail from grade-Z movie-makers in Salt Lake City and terminal acid-burnout artists from Eugene, and to receive crumpled dollar bills in exchange for a few month's subscription, but quite another if they begin sending requests to other people's fanzines on the basis of my reviews. So, if you get a flyer for a movie called "Plan 10 from Outer Space" (I am NOT making this up), I apologize in advance.

Now, here is a post-Precursor letter from JOSEPH NICHOLAS (15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15, 4JU U.K.) who is terribly curious about his place in fannish athletic history:

"Spies report that copies of *Apparatchik* 41 were distributed in Glasgow, from which I deduce that you managed to print out some masters at Avedon and Rob's, and then to locate a convenient copy shop; however, we haven't yet seen it, so remain unaware of what you actually wrote about Precursor despite word of mouth confirmation that the issue does contain some reportage of same (but these same word-of-mouth confirmers never give you the detail you crave, blast their eyes). Even so, I'm aware I might have seemed less than fulsome in my response to your thanks for my participation in Sunday's Softball game, which must be attributable to good old British reserve. In case you were wondering, I enjoyed myself thoroughly, especially the part where we came from behind at 7-2 against to win by 9-8, helped by my own solitary run, although it was of course embarrassing to be declared out when I failed to take advantage of my unexpected bunt in an earlier innings. But that's the cricket reflex for you; you'd never think of attempting a run if you dropped the ball at your feet when batting in a cricket match.

"Unlearning the cricket reflexes was the hardest part: first learning to swing the new-style bat, then to connect with the ball, then when to run. Even catching is different: in cricket you both catch and throw with the same hand, the choice depending on whether you're right- or left-handed; in softball, you throw only with your right and catch only with your left, the latter of which is most unnatural for right-handers. (And even the method of catching is different; in softball, the ball seems to be snatched out of the air with a downward sweep of the (left) hand, whereas in cricket it is caught

with both hands, with the palms uppermost.) but sometime in the middle of the game, whilst our side was fielding and the other side was scoring runs with glumly impressive ease, I realised that after all these years of encountering it in US fanzines, I at last understood the basic terminology of the game. Now I know what a 'bunt' is, what a home run and a strike out are, why it's called left field, what 'loading the bases' means, how one can have more than four innings... the veil of incomprehension has finally been torn away. (Although there are some terms which still elude me -- 'pinch hitting', for example -- and the mathematics behind the calculation of batting averages is quite unfathomable.)

"I remarked on this to Ted White as we strolled back to the pavillion for tea after the umpires had drawn stumps at the close of that day's play. He suggested it was very much a cultural thing: that although not a sports fan himself, it was impossible to grow up without coming into contact with the language of the game, which inevitably crossed over into everyday speech. Just like cricket, as he pointed out -- and although I'm not a cricket fan (squandering Wednesday afternoons on team games at school when I have been ensconced in the library was just too, too much), we Brits do indeed deploy its terminology in our everyday speech. Terminology which I daresay Americans find equally as incomprehensible as we find the language of baseball and softball.

"But what of Apparatchik 40, distributed at Precursor? Obviously, I shouldn't attempt to pursue the very different concerns I raise in FTT in your pages, but I can't help pointing out that in your response to my argument about science fiction you make a fundamental error in your second sentence when you substitute technology for technocracy -- that is, the things with which the world is filled for the perspective from which the world is viewed. Technology is fine, although it isn't the be-all and end-all; and as you remark later, 'science itself is a chaotic system,' whose 'methods produce answers, but not to the questions which were originally asked', which further undermines the reductionist precepts upon which the systemisation and hierarchy characteristic of the technocratic worldview is founded. In my opinion, this worldview is fundamental to genre science fiction; therefore, because the technocratic worldview has imploded the literature no longer has any point to it either. In retrospect, however, I probably devoted too much time to science fiction and not nearly enough to such technocratic 'sciences' as economics; and I never got on to the Whig conception of history and the myth of progress at all. But perhaps that was my subconscious at work, deliberately holding something back for FTT 19, which we hope to distribute at Novacon in two months' time....

"Elsewhere I was intrigued to read, in your response to Walt Willis's letter, that the only time you appeared in a book you had your head blown off. Would you be intrigued to learn that this once happened to David Wingrove, then editor of BSFA's *Vector* and now author of the interminable *Chung Kuo* series? The responsible

author was Robert Holdstock, filling in for Kenneth Bulmer, who'd contracted to write a series of novelisations of the TV series *The Professionals* but found himself over-committed on other work and sub-contracted a few titles to Holdstock to relieve the pressure of competing deadlines. (They were of course published under the same pseudonym as Bulmer was using.) Wingrove apparently has a fleeting appearance as a bank clerk who has his brains blasted apart by both shotgun barrels at close range during an armed robbery. Elsewhere in the same hackwork, another character picks up a copy of *Necromancer* to take away for the weekend -- *Necromancer* being the title of a serious work of horror fiction by the same Robert Holdstock, which in its first chapter features a children's birthday party at which one Gregory (sic) Pickersgill charges around the garden making Chieftan tanklike noises before wolfing most of the sandwiches before stuffing his pockets with the rest.

"I think -- this was fifteen or more years ago, and I haven't read the book since. (Greg will doubtless correct any errors in my memory.) As you know Holdstock has since become a successful and very serious author, and such Tuckerisations no longer appear in his work, even though his first serious novel under his own name, *Eye Among the Blind*, manages to work in the names of most of the then-members of the Pieria writer's group. In a later horror series called *Nighthunter*, written in the early eighties under the pseudonym Robert Falcon, a number of his fannish friends from the seventies made brief appearances, including, in one of them, an elderly couple named Graham and Pat Charnock, who while walking out on the moors were torn apart by a ravening beast with a big nose -- the size of the schnozz thought by many to be a reference to another seventies friend, Roy Kettle. The *Nighthunter* series has the remarkable distinction of being so popular that it was republished -- in hardback! -- it appeared under his own name rather than the pseudonym. I once had copies of the paperback originals, which in a moment of foolishness many years ago, and because we didn't have the space, I gave away to the Oxfam shop. Now, they'd probably be worth much more than the cover price."

[APH: It's amazing the people that you find to be Tuckerizers -- I won't go into any tedious examples, but it does seem to be a phase through which many writers, even those without any connection to genre fiction at all, who insert the names of their friends, relatives and colleagues into their fiction. I suspect that, especially when working on the kind of deadline Holdstock probably had, that it is often more a question of getting a shortcut to the end of the book, rather than some impulse of mischief, which causes them to use familiar names and/or characters.

I don't know if I am willing to accept your characterization of my arguments in regard to technology without a struggle. The distinction between technology and technocracy is certainly firm enough on a sematic level, but I don't think the division exists quite so clearly in the allegedly real world. The use of technology requires us to make

Grease the staff! Keeps them happy, keeps you happy!

certain choices in order to enjoy its application and employment, and after we've made enough of those choices, where is the demonstrable difference between a society which is de facto controlled by its own technology and one in which the control is overtly stated in a technocratic world view?

In addition to this, I am moved to note that there are many places in the world where the so-called myth of progress still has a powerful hold on people's imagination, and it will not lose that hold until those people have struggled for some years to achieve the idealized level of existence that features so prominently in much of science fiction. It's very easy for us, who live in a culture that has enjoyed the benefits of technological advance for decades, and have other options open to us, to say that the age of technocratic domination of social and economic theory is at an end. Our stating such a thesis does us no harm whatsoever. People who have not enjoyed those benefits are less likely to embrace this idea on principle, and could easily interpret it as nothing more than another effort to deny them the benefits of industrial society while removing even the little power they have as producers of the raw resources and commodities which drove the construction of the technocratic world in the first place.

Even if we choose to agree that the age of actual domination of society by technocratic principles is at an end, I still don't agree that this obviates SF as a literary genre. SF is especially popular in eastern Europe and other parts of the world we characterize as "developing": Exploration of the technocratic paradigm, even when it has no power in the actual affairs of the culture, is likely to remain an important intellectual exercise for many decades to come.

Now, VICKI ROSENZWEIG (33 Indian Road, 6-R, New York, NY 10034) offers her thoughts on last issue:]

"I don't think it's in any way dishonest for you to have prepared part of APAK 41 ahead of time: that would imply that we, your readers, expect you to first-draft the whole thing at the keyboard, read it quickly for typos, and print it out. If you sometimes choose to work that way, fine (though I'd be scared to do it myself on a regular basis), but it's hardly the only way to do a fanzine, even a frequent one.

"I applaud Victor's desire to get more involved with fandom, but I doubt that attending conventions, pleasant though it can be, will give him a better grasp of how to write fannishly. A con is essentially a form of party. We may in the course of it educate ourselves about science, archeology or fan history, or teach other people about any number of topics, but it's basically a party: conversation, food, drink, music, dancing, late nights, and more conversation. Writing, even fan writing, is a different thing: not necessarily better, but different. If only because it is more solitary, and separated in time: we write to be read, but usually we write alone.

"Your printing all those verses to 'Will Ye No Come Back Again' reminds me that, according to Avram Davidson, Bonnie Prince Charlie was half-Polish. This is hardly surprising, given the way European royal families

intermarry, but I find it amusing nonetheless and wonder if the people who wanted to put a Scot back on the throne realized he was as much Polish as Scottish.

"Not only is there no air conditioning in Britain, window screens appear to be unknown, perhaps because the inhabitants seldom feel the need of leaving their windows open after dark. I don't personally mind a few moths flying around my bedroom -- they're harmless, even pretty -- but having to interrupt my reading in bed to kill a bee with my book did not improve the reading experience.

"The only time I have thought 'what is s/he doing here?' at a convention was at the most recent Readercon, when my aunt and cousin showed up, bringing a small dog with them. It turned out they were there for the straightforward reason that Ursula LeGuin was guest of honor, and my cousin admires her work (as do I). Nonetheless, it was odd to run into relatives I hadn't seen in a few years, in a fannish context. More often, I think, we know what the other person is doing there, and simply hope they don't try to engage us in conversation; on insecure days I wonder if someone I have just gone over and cheerfully greeted is thinking the same about me. The distinction may seem minor, but I suspect that some of the accusations of 'elitism' and 'exclusivity' derive from things like this, in which someone casually states a truism -- that few if any people like all the people who want to spend time with us, even when a shared hobby or community throws us together -- in ways that suggest a belief that certain public activities, such as conventions, are in fact properly our space, in which we can expect to be free of anyone we don't want to associate with. Which is in turn all too easily misinterpreted to mean that we don't want to see anyone there who isn't a close friend, rather than simply that there are a few specific people we'd rather not see -- probably not the same few people for any two fans. And half the problem, for me at least, is an upbringing that makes it difficult for me to say 'yes' when someone asks 'Am I boring you?' even if he is: I wish certain people didn't attend the same cons I do because I don't have the guts to tell them to go away.

"I ate Chinese food twice in Stevenage, and my only complaint was that the portions were smaller than I was used to. The prices were mostly suited to that fact, but it made figuring out orders a bit more difficult than it might otherwise have been, and led my group Saturday night to call the waiter over to order a second plate of the spicy eggplant (which traveled under the alias 'aubergine,' a much classier-sounding name)."

[APH: And the only comment I really have room for here is to note that not only was Bonnie Prince Charlie half-Polish, he was raised in France and Italy, and spoke little English and absolutely no Gaelic. This was of far greater significance to the Scots, who, after all, were currently under the rule of a Hannoverian king, and were somewhat more concerned with being driven off their land in order to raise the property values, than they were with the parentage of their alleged deliverer.]

#1) TimeBytes, part 1 & 2, edited by Lillian Edwards & Christina Lake, no address offered, no price information provided, but Lillian and Christina's addresses appear appended to other fanzines listed below: I have to admit that I did not expect very much from these fanthologies. I picked one up right after reading Christina's review of Habakkuk and Blat! In Balloons over Bristol #8 (see below), and observing her prejudice against large and past-obsessed fannish projects, I wondered what these could possibly entail. I was therefore very pleasantly surprised to find that they are in fact the finest Fanthologies that I have read in a 17-year fannish career. L & C have sifted through literally dozens of fanzines and other primary sources to create a superb picture of British fandom between Conspiracy and Intersection, a document that may be the richest and most complete piece of fanhistorical editing ever done. Each volume is full of artwork that accompanied the original publications, the excerpts are arranged to create an actual narrative flow, and the editors' gentle guding commentary gives a sense of personality without bludgeoning one over the head with theory. The fact that the ultimate effect is rather depressing cannot be laid at the editors' doors; in many ways, the past eight years have been a little depressing for British fandom, an ebbing of all activity save for pointless e-mail drivel between Intersection Committee members. The fact that L & C could produce such an entertaining and attractive document in regard to the period is quite an achievement. Plus, the fact that they asked permission to use the material included is a novel touch that the producers of the past two American Fanthologies seem to have forgotten. I paid £4.00 apiece for these at the fan table in Glasgow; damned if I know how you are supposed to get one, but you ought to try.

#2) Deliverance, produced and edited by D. West, 17 Carlisle Street, Keighly, West Yorkshire, BD21 4PX, U.K.: Here is the long-awaited follow-on collection to West's 1984 anthology Fanzines in Theory and Practice. This volume collects the bulk of his fanwriting from the intervening 11 years; just the introduction might have been worth paying £8.00 for, with its neatly definitive comments on the place of KTF in the author's fannish world view. Any effort on my part to summarize this tome would be pointless. It's 150 pages of superb writing, often gleefully free of good intentions. There's even clues toward finding material which West did not think worthy of collection. It's funny. It's maddening. It's pretty well-mimeographed, if that's of interest to you. Probably no chance of getting a copy at this point, since most of them were spoken for when West announced the collection three years ago. But you could still write and grovel and offer large sums of money in exchange for some crudsheets. At least Don will find that entertaining. By the way, we passed through Keighly on our way to Glasgow, and those rumors about the terrible smell have turned out to be just that.

#3) The Wrong Leggings #3, edited by Lillian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh, EH10 4JE U.K., E-mail at L.Edwards @ed.ac.uk; Even without her bittersweet memoirs of visits to Seattle (Rule #1 of British fan writing: There are no unalloyed pleasures) this would be a pretty cool zine. Simon Ounsley's meditation on breakfasting at British conventions (ah, fried bread and beans and black pudding at 8:00 am) is very entertaining, and Jane Carnall's consideration of the interstices between slash fiction and Orson Scott Card could each stand as the centerpiece of a fat genzine. There's also a solid piece from Allison Freebairn and some good LoCs. Amazingly, the whole thing was undertaken just ten days before the Worldcon, and finished in time to be handed round during the weekend. So you see, I'm not the only person publishing who has more dedication than sense

#4) On the TAFF Trail, written and edited by Rob Hansen, 144 Plashet Grove, Eastham, London E6 1AB, U.K., e-mail to avedon@cix.compulink.co.uk: Contrary to popular legend, Rob Hansen did not suddenly wake up one morning in the late eighties and decide that he would become obsessed with fan history. Rather, Rob has been interested in fan history of all sorts for a long time, and here is a new document to prove it, the account of his trip to America as TAFF delegate in 1984. The thing that strikes me as I page through it is all the stuff Rob knows, all the fan-historical significance he found everywhere he went, and how well-prepared he really was for his trip. He also covered a lot of ground, reaching both coasts, and visitng a variety of regional fandoms. It's striking to flip through this report and see all the people who are no longer with us in a fannish sense . . . and only a few of them are not missed in one way or another. Courageously, the volume concludes with a thumbnail account of the TAFF wars, which does a lot to put the whole thing in historical perspective. It is also refreshing to read an account of a trip through America by someone who has something of a sense of wonder about the country, who finds delights as well as deficiencies. Pleasant echoes of Willis and Langford's fine reports ring through the pages of On the TAFF Trail, and I feel comfortable putting this on the shelf next to The Harp Stateside and The Transatlantic Hearing Aid. It was worth waiting for, Rob.

#5) Ansible #97½, edited by Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU U.K.: Just to rub it in, scant hours before winning his 10th and 11th Hugo awards, Langford published this special edition of his one-sheeter, encompassing the full history of TAFF winners and the publishing history (or lack thereof) of their trip reports. This is one of the most useful things anyone has published in fandom in recent memory, and it even includes some funny little excerpts from some of the more fragmentary reports. How often do you get to read veiled indictments of Mario Bosnyak and Thomas Schluck these days? I merely shake my head in collapse in defeat, wracked by huge desolate sobs of self-loathing.

#6) Frog and Tadpole Times (FTT) #18, edited by Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas at 15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU U.K.: Good God, is *everyone* trying to adopt a frequent publishing schedule? As advertised, this last issue has come out so rapidly that American correspondents have had no chance to reply to the previous number, which may be part of what Joseph has in mind. But no matter, this is a very fine issue, with a healthy lettercol and some remarkable material; Zena Hanna offers a story of touring in Indonesia and being treated to a very real and terrifying volcanic eruption. Judith's account of traveling in the same part of the world is equally interesting, but a little less harrowing on the whole. Bruno Ogorolec's memories of pre-war Bosnia are heart-breaking. Joseph's accounts of the frog population in their back-garden pond gives the issue its name, and Jilly Reed (a new and very pleasant fan) completes the circle with an account of the trials of her recently-adopted bucolic surroundings. All this is achieved with a breezy, easy feeling which FTT has *occasionally* lacked in the past. High marks for all.

#7) Idea #9, edited by Geri Sullivan, Toad Hall, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315. Much good stuff in here; it's a measure of the quality of the past three weeks that this fanzine ends up ranked 7th. This seems to be the Corflu and remembrance issue; much mirth in Gary Farber's report on Corflu NoVa, and much earnest goodness in Aileen Forman's words from the heart of Corflu Vegas. In the meantime, Jeff Schalles has been hard at work building earthworks and pallasades in the back yard at Toad Hall. Pieces by Kathryn Routliffe and Paul Skelton entertain gently, and Steve Stiles' portfolio of art inspired by the original Toad Hall fits in brilliantly. But the best bit comes from the ever-sharp James White, who has a scheme to free worldcon bidding from mundane concerns of space and time, as well as the bar policies of difficult hotels. All in all, an enjoyable issue, if somewhat lacking in the more controversial elements which seem to make fandom go these days.

#8) Gaijin #4 & 5, edited by Steve Green, 33 Scott Road, Olton, Solihull, B92 7LQ U.K.: Earlier issues of this fanzine have suffered slightly from Steve's diffusion of fannish energies; after all, he is trying to publish it at the same time that he and Martin Tudor soldier grimly on with Critical Wave. #4 is a really striking effort, though, with its stated theme of "Secret Fears and Private Pleasures." The best bit is Dan Steffan's narrative of his odyssey into the world of body decorations and modification, but Linda Kawecke's "Nekkid," and David Kerekes' "All aboard the family fun bus," inspire laughter, while Jenny Fields' "My Recent Piercing" sends a shudder of some kind through almost every reader. #5 is a single big folded sheet of paper with some LoCs and comments. I think Steve is hitting his stride here, and I look forward to seeing the next one.

#9) Critical Wave #42, edited by Steve Green and Martin Tudor, editorial offices at 845 Alum Rock Rd., Ward End, Birmingham B8 2AG, available for \$25.00

per annum airmail, or £11.50 if you happen to be in Britain: Jesus, this is small print! I don't recall ever reading a commercially-available 'zine with this tiny a face before. Surprisingly, even the parts which do not advocate shooting me, or which were not written by me, are quite worth reading. Lengthy smear of tripe by Tony Chester and Jonathan Cowie on how fan funds have outlived their usefulness and fans should keep their money to serve ends over which they can exercise greater control. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will be fed large servings of vindaloo after having their rectums glued shut. Nice fanzine reviews by Mike Siddall, but one wonders if he will not one day regret his dismissal of Las Vegas fandom based on his inability to understand an issue of Wild Heirs. Christ, I don't understand everything that's in Wild Heirs . . .

#10) Balloons over Bristol #8 (& 6 & 7), edited by Christina Lake, theoretically available from 12 Hatherly Road, Bishopston Bristol BS7 8QA. Some things here calculated to piss me off; bloodless excuses about how Christina likes doing fanzines but hates to mail them. No one ever has any sympathy for me when I say that kind of thing, so I don't either. Plus, she rags on a couple of my favorite fanzines, and her most compelling reason seems to be that they are so thick that they make her head hurt. However, she says all this with reasonable humor, includes a nice lettercol, and articles by local pals like Tim Goodrick, Steve Brewster and the suspiciously familiar-sounding Simon Lake. I look forward to seeing more from her, assuming she ever feels like mailing subsequent issues out.

ALSO RECEIVED: The Canadian Journal of Detournement #6, Dale Speirs; De Profundis #281, Tim Merrigan for the LASFS; Etranger #3, Steve Glover; File 770 # 110, Mike Glycer; The Flying Pig #32 - 34, Darrol Pardoe; Marvin the Zine, Finnish Science Fiction & Fantasy, Jukka Räsänen; Nova Express #13, Dwight Brown & Lawrence Person; Obsessions #4, Bridget Hardcastle; Opuntia #25, Dale Speirs; Situation Normal!??, September issue, edited by Joyce Katz for Snaffu; Wallbanger #14, Eve Harvey. Zorn #1, Mike Scott. Wow, what a month!

APPARATCHIK is the Wino man of fandom; She looked over at me, and she raised her thumb . . . she said, "Jam down the road, you funky-ass bum." It's still available for the usual, or you can get APPARATCHIK for \$3.00 for a three month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a life-time subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a pint of the 80-shilling. If you live in The United Kingdom, Martin Tudor will happily accept £10.00 for an annual subscription, £19.37 for a lifetime sub, according to complicated actuarial tables that Martin scrawled on a torn sheet of notebook paper in the dealer's room at Intersection. Lifetime subscribers include Tom Becker, Judy Bemis, Richard Brandt, Scott Custis, Don Fitch, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Barnaby Rapoport, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Leslie Smith, Geri Sullivan, Steve Swartz, Michael Waite, and Art Widner. Now, as promised last time, the rubber gloves.